

# The Critic

23

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Published Weekly, at 52 Lafayette Place, New York, by

THE CRITIC COMPANY.

Entered as Second-Class Mail-Matter at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 29, 1891.

AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY general agents. Single copies sold, and subscriptions taken, at The Critic Office, 52 Lafayette Place. Also, by Charles Scribner's Sons, G. P. Putnam's Sons, Brentano's, and the principal newsdealers in New York. Boston: Damrell & Upham (Old Corner Bookstore). Philadelphia: John Wanamaker. Chicago: Brentano's. New Orleans: George F. Wharton, 5 Carondelet Street. Denver, Col.: C. Smith & Son. London: B. F. Stevens, 4 Trafalgar Square; and American Newspaper Agency, 15 King William Street, Strand, W. C. Paris: Brentano's, 17 Avenue de l'Opéra. Rome: Office of the Nuova Antologia.

### Literature

#### Skeat's "Principles of English Etymology"

THIS CROWDED volume concludes the series of four monographs lately published by the Rev. W. W. Skeat, Erlington and Bosworth Professor of Anglo-Saxon in the University of Cambridge. The first two include the larger and smaller 'Etymological Dictionary' republished here by the Macmillans and the Harpers; the third comprises 'Principles of English Etymology,' Part I. dealing with the Native Element; and the fourth is the volume before us,—not, as we sincerely hope, the 'last' as Prof. Skeat (p. ix.) rather wearily hints it will be. Such a master must remember the 'principle' (true in etymology, too!), *Noblesse oblige*. We have been educated by him to expect ever more and more; and to leave us in the lurch, with the work of expectation and of accomplished facts only half done, is worse than barbarity.

In truth the note of pain, of impatience, of querulousness is struck much too often in this book to be exactly agreeable to even the sympathizing scholar who knows how hard it is to teach people and to uproot inaccurate and obsolete ideas. We are accustomed to the quarterly phials of malice and all uncharitableness poured out on each other by the rival editors of *Anglia*, *Englische Studien*, and other German periodicals devoted to 'science' (alias egotism and ill-temper); but it is a new and unwelcome phenomenon on English soil. Prof. Skeat speaks all through this volume as if he alone owned the English language or knew anything about it; everybody else is an intruder, a blockhead, a vendor of false etymologies, a trampler on etymological law. He acknowledges his own not infrequent fallibility, in moments of contrition, and yet he is perpetually harping on other people's mistakes. His dictionary was, no doubt, epoch-making in its day, but much of it is rubbish that must be swept away, particularly its worship of the great goddess Scandinavia. He himself has in successive editions recalled many of its rash statements and hasty dogmatisms. In the volume before us he reveals to us candidly the underlying principles by which he was guided, at least in regard to the foreign element of the English vocabulary, in filling out that side of his lexicographical work. These principles and canons are in general eminently satisfactory, though the illustrations and examples are not devoid of contradiction and incompleteness. Thus, under the Slavonic word-list of vocables contributed to English by that group of dialects, no mention is made of *vodka*, *mujik*, *mir*, etc.; *jerked beef*, is ascribed to different origins on pp. 437-39; so with *petun*, tobacco (whence *petunia*), on pp. 437-8; *vicuna* is put down both as Peruvian (p. 439) and as Mexican (p. 437). On p. 454 it is stated dogmatically that all English words that are really borrowed from the Hebrew (with one exception) are 'necessarily Biblical.' Perhaps Prof. Muss-Arnolt would considerably modify this statement. In the dictionary proper, whose commentary is found in Principles I. and II., we have systematically gone through a number of letters and

found Middle English forms much older than those given by Prof. Skeat, forms found in the 'Catholicon Anglicum,' the 'Promptorium Parvulorum,' Levins, Stratmann, and other early dictionaries; and the equations of cognate forms as given in that dictionary and in its smaller condensed edition are often wrong, Icelandic and its group being constantly placed in the positions belonging to Old Saxon, Old Finorian, Old Dutch, etc., as the immediate kin of the corresponding English words. These, however, are small matters in view of the immense and accurate erudition displayed by the professor both in the two dictionaries and in this his last work. The latter is a collection of chapters full of suggestiveness and thought. There are 26 of these, followed by three appendices in which the English foreign vocabulary is treated in historical and chronological order. First comes the French element, particularly the Anglo-French element, with specimens, play and interplay of the two contending accents, English and French, changes of pronunciation, words of central French origin, late French and French-Latin origin, and non-Latin French words; filling the first twelve chapters. Then the Latin proper, the Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, Greek, Slavonic, Persian, Sanskrit, Semitic, Finno-Tataric, the African and the American element fills twelve chapters more. In chapter xxv. Prof. Skeat scores many false or fanciful etymologies, in which numerous flings at 'Webster' occur, and Valpy's, Mackay's, and Lemon's absurd deification of Greek, Gaelic, or the like, as the one only source of English is excoriated. The book appropriately concludes with 'Ten Useful Canons of Etymology,' the A B C of all true etymologists.

Prof. Skeat's labors would have been considerably lightened by a study of 'The Century Dictionary,' which is nowhere mentioned in his 500 pages, though we understand that Prof. Skeat acknowledges its excellence and even claims as his own some of its etymologies.

#### H. H. Bancroft's Autobiography

AMONG THE self-made men of our time none is entitled to a greater meed of praise than is Hubert Howe Bancroft, the historian of the Pacific Coast. The extraordinary results accomplished by him appear almost incredible, and were only made possible by the application of the principle of co-operation to the department of historiography. This method, we say, made the results possible; but from the possible to the actual is a long stride, and there are few men living who would be ready to undertake such a work as Mr. Bancroft has brought to completion, even with his wealth of materials and with the aid of a trained staff like his.

His newly published autobiography reveals the secret of his success, which after all seems to consist in his having been born a Hubert Bancroft. For although he credits himself with nothing more than perseverance and determination, and quotes from Beaumarchais, 'Médiocre et rampant, et l'on arrive à tout,' yet it is clear that elements co-exist in his character which are rarely found together, as Mr. George Frederick Parsons has well pointed out in his introduction. Everywhere in his autobiography Mr. Bancroft subordinates himself to his life-work; if he speaks of his own affairs, it is in a preoccupied way, and he seems anxious to return to the subject of his beloved history. The history itself was an afterthought, it seems. The library of Californiana which he had acquired in 1866 was the nucleus of his present magnificent collection, and it was in studying how to turn to account the treasures of information contained in this library that the idea of a series of histories was gradually evolved. No effort and no expense were spared in accumulating the materials for these works. Mr. Bancroft's agents roamed the Old and the New World in search of rare publications and rarer manuscripts. Intrigue that rose almost to the level of diplomacy had to be employed in order to induce jealous proprietors to part with their hoarded records. The

\* Principles of English Etymology. Second Series. The Foreign Element. By W. W. Skeat. \$2.50. Macmillan & Co.

\* Literary Industries: A Memoir. By Hubert Howe Bancroft. \$1.50. Harper & Bros.

cost of all this was enormous. For a manuscript abridgment of the Californian archives in the U. S. Surveyor-General's office, Mr. Bancroft paid \$18,000. And when at last the collection of materials was complete, there remained the prodigious task of assorting the volumes and preparing an index of their contents. This index was constructed on a highly ingenious plan, of which Mr. Bancroft has explained the details. Some idea of the magnitude of this preliminary work may be derived from Mr. Bancroft's estimate of the labor expended on the five volumes of the 'Native Races' alone, which was 'equivalent to the well-directed efforts of one man, every day, Sundays excepted, from eight o'clock in the morning till six at night, for a period of fifty years. In this estimate I do not include the time lost in unsuccessful experiments.'

So thorough was the system in all its parts, that its operation reduced the author's own labors to a minimum. But even that minimum was a formidable undertaking, and Mr. Bancroft might have achieved far less than his ambition demanded, had he not imposed certain wholesome restrictions upon himself. One of the best of his resolutions was 'to keep upon firm ground, to avoid meaningless and even technical terms, speculations and superstitions of every kind, and to deal only in facts. My work could not be wholly worthless if I gathered only facts, and arranged them in some form which should bring them within reach of those who had not access to my material.' 'Wholly worthless,' indeed, it was not. Accomplished in spite of the distracting cares of business, of difficulties and losses occasioned by the great fire which consumed his store with all its contents, and of a host of other obstacles, Mr. Bancroft's life-work will be his best monument.

#### Jacobs's "Essays and Reviews"\*

THE LITERARY MOSAIC of which our great weekly journals are composed resembles a table of Florentine mosaic or a bit of bright Pompeian pavement freshly uncovered; each *tessera* fits harmoniously into its neighbor; all the angles are squared to each other; colors and shades are fittingly matched; and the result is a fine piece of intellectual tessellated pavement, arranged—'edited,' if you will—with the utmost care and a delicate perception of the fitness of each particular thing in the plexus or whole. Usually the ganglion or great nerve-centre about which the whole mosaic is concentrated and to which every article in it hangs is the literary editorial—the article on some celebrated death or still more celebrated life, on some great poem or greater passion of the day: the eye of the journal through which the reader scans its intellectual horizon as through a crystal lens.

For a long time *The Athenæum*—perhaps the most brilliant mosaic of the day—has furnished a weekly lens of the sort,—not always crystalline, to be sure, not always impeccable, but a powerful glass set like a jewel at its head through which even myopes could see what was going on and, through vision, even feel the great pulsations of the world. About this central spot of the weekly conjunction—which usually shines like a burning-glass—is gathered a multitude of minor mosaic-bits, criticisms, asteroids, what not; but every reader naturally goes right to the heart of the matter and puts himself *au courant* with the universe by instantly fixing on the central article itself.

During the last ten years—since George Eliot's death in 1880, to be exact,—very incisive and charming memorial critiques of her, of Matthew Arnold, of Browning, and of John Henry Newman have lifted their illumined obelisk in its pages and delighted the reader with the grace and penetration of the memorial inscriptions thereon: inscriptions affable with the talk of a man of the world, relishable with appreciation, and full of scholarly research on the literary topics of the day. Each of these brief essays was an

'epigram' in the old Greek sense except that it was not in verse; pungent, analytic, couched in graceful terms, and weighing in jewellers' scales each facet of character that presented itself. Epigrams are usually anonymous, and so were these; until the veil of anonymity was thrown aside, and the authorship was revealed. Mr. Joseph Jacobs has long been known as an accomplished folk-loreist with a *penchant* for Æsop, a tenderness for Daphnis and Chloe, and a 'hankering' after the fables of Bidpai and other 'auncient writers.' He is even a chosen and delightful collector of English fairy-tales, an editor of Elizabethan versions of Italian novels, and a lover of old Howell's 'Familiar Letters.' Perhaps all this dabbling in light lore gives his touch a peculiar lightness and makes one swim over his pages as in an airy gondola. At all events his reviews—one might call them recapitulations—of the four celebrities just mentioned are at once exhilarating and impressive, impartial yet generous. George Eliot is a waning not a waxing moon; Browning is gibbous,—a hunchbacked luminary lacking only self-restraint to form a circle of perfect resplendence; Arnold is the type and representative of a questioning and unquiet age with his 'easy subacid egotisms'; while Newman has written the one English hymn: 'he has been one of the operative forces that have aided to transform England.' All these artists were profound spiritualists in the higher sense, and all of them sum up their age as no other four contemporary artists do,—each a vase of spiritual fire flinging afar its ineffable incense.

To pick out a piece from a mosaic-tablet is always an act of vandalism, but perhaps Mr. Jacobs' striking specimens suffer less by the act than the inconspicuous bits of others.

#### A "Leader in Science"\*

THE MARVELLOUS career of Charles Darwin—the typical 'dull boy'—is one well calculated to stimulate the imagination of the young and give it that electric shock which it sometimes needs. How many dull wits have sharpened themselves on Franklin's autobiography, taken heart of hope from Plutarch or Smiles, or read themselves into glory through Vasari's Lives! The stimulus of another's example kept a certain celebrated Greek awake. Who can tell the results of the divine insomnia of emulation? Sometimes it is a glance through the blurred window of translation, as Keats reading Chapman's Homer, which lays its transforming finger on the poet's pulse, and it runs up to 120 at once. Sometimes, as in Alexander Humboldt's case, it is reading 'Robinson Crusoe' or 'The Swiss Family Robinson' that turns a delicate-featured spiritual-minded boy into a great traveller. Sometimes we follow with Ruskin the delightful metamorphosis of a soul that has gloated over Turner's landscapes. Turning-points everywhere, mile-stones innumerable are strewn along the Appian Way of literature, where young souls have halted for a moment, hesitated, resolved to try their wings—if not their quills—again, and sped in arrowy flight down the 'grooves of change,'—mile-stones marked no longer by a cross but by a triumphal column.

Therefore it was a happy idea which inspired the Putnams, among their other happy inspirations, to publish this Leaders of Science Series for the young, full of intellectual phosphates as such a series must be; and it could begin with no happier illustration than the life of Charles Darwin. Since 1500 this remarkable family has been known; and it is a good illustration of 'selection' and 'natural fitness' as afterwards exemplified by the researches of the great naturalist. At school and college Darwin illustrated that peculiar gift of dualism or double life so often shown by distinguished men; the strange parallelism of two lives running along apparently together in the same person, but really as separate as the Gulf Stream and its enclosing tides; apparent absorption, namely, in a hackneyed routine ending in a

\* Essays and Reviews from *The Athenæum*. By Joseph Jacobs. \$1.25. Charles Scribner's Sons.

\* Charles Darwin. His Life and Work. By C. F. Holder. \$1.50. (Leaders in Science.) G. P. Putnam's Sons.



worn-out degree, while the free and fiery spirit was really coursing elsewhere hitched to the chariot of the sun. It is in this way that the hardly respectable B.A. emerged from the arid labyrinth of Cambridge an accomplished naturalist, unscathed—and uninspired—by the dreary lectures of the professors, yet equipped almost unconsciously for the memorable voyage—not of divinity, as his father had been expecting—but of the Beagle. The successive phases of such a life are more the cantos of an epic than the sober record of scientific discovery. Mr. Holder draws a graphic and interesting line of detail out of this busy life—its patience, its research, its cheerfulness, its surprises, all the reverse of enervating to one interested in scientific problems. The lives of such men as Faraday and Darwin, in their crowned and complete success, are tonic in every fibre; no better food could be set before the young.

#### "The Peace of the Church"\*

'THE PEACE of the Church,' by the Rector of Grace Church, New York, is a book which promises to serve as an olive-branch to those who are sincerely desirous of the unity of Christians of all names. The Rev. William R. Huntington is the author; and the six lectures comprehended in this neat volume were delivered on the Bohnen Foundation, in Philadelphia, and form the issue for 1891. Treating separately of 'protocol,' 'archives,' 'credenda,' 'signs and seals,' 'pilotage' and a 'church by love established,' the author discusses in detail the principles set forth as a basis of union by the Lambeth Conference. These four principles form a quadrilateral, the towers of which are the holy scriptures, apostles' and Nicene creeds, the two sacraments of baptism and the supper, and the historic episcopate. As Dr. Huntington develops his theme, he makes his book dangerous reading to non-Episcopalians inclined to membership in the Episcopal fold. One can more easily understand the reason why his former book, 'The Church Idea: An Essay Towards Unity,' has gone into several editions. While names and words associated by history and custom with political churches and the sectarianism of Episcopacy are of necessity used, the general tone and style are characterized by frankness, candor, robust common-sense, and loyalty to the historic faith and essentials of Christianity. 'The Christian religion rests on the fact that man is a creature who stands in continual need of help'; and this help, as he shows, is best given by a well organized church whose constitution is a barrier against despotism. Of the books that have thus far appeared from the Episcopalian side, in exposition and application of the Lambeth articles of union, 'The Peace of the Church,' it seems to our mind, will be most effective for those for whose sake the quadrilateral was built—with doors and gates as well as with wall and battlements—*viz.*, those whose inheritance of faith has come through other than the channels of Episcopacy. The book has 239 pages, but lacks an index.

#### "Adopting an Abandoned Farm"†

MISS KATE SANBORN has made a name and a place for herself beside the immortal Sam Slick, and has made Gooseville, Conn. (an assumed name, she kindly informs us, for Foxboro, Mass.), as illustrious as Slickville, in Onion County, of the first-mentioned State. Miss Sanborn, some time ago—she does not say when, but we should judge quite recently—took charge of a farm which its owner had abandoned for the city. The farmhouse had a 'settin'-room,' provided with a 'pie closet' and a 'rum closet,' which captivated her when she first saw it. There were also twenty-five acres too much (as she found them), and a barn and hen-houses which made foolishness of the great clockmaker's wisdom; for their magnificent proportions brought ruin on her experiment. She was bound to come to grief, however,

even if she had remained safely ensconced between the pie closet and the rum closet—countervailing attractions which must have had much the same effect as the proverbial two bundles of hay. Woman-like, she seems to have ignored the most elemental part of farming—the putting on and carrying three or four mortgages. Instead, she put on a top-dressing of artificial manure and attempted, without any previous training, to practise the highest branches of a difficult and laborious profession. She began, at once, to swap horses; she went farther and fared worse in attending auctions; she patronized poultry shows, and met her doom at one in the shape of a pair of pea-fowl. The attempt to live up to these decorative birds lured her into that vanity of vanities, 'setting up a country place,' and in a style which nobody but a retired saloon-keeper, or the editor of a 'great daily,' could maintain. In fact, the rustic passers-by imagined that the gorgeous 'grounds' and the elaborately furnished piazza must belong to some expensively fitted bar. The pea-hen died of over-indulgence in a diet of window-glass; her mate died of potato-bugs eaten with Paris-green. The wish to live up to them died with them: *sic transit*, etc.; but it had cost a little fortune.

It will be perceived that Miss Sanborn's methods of farming were, in some respects, too original. Yet they also appear, at first sight, to have been over conservative. Why did she not take a hint from that eminent agriculturist, Olive Thorne Miller, who has conclusively shown that a robin in the bush is worth half a dozen hens in the hen-coop? or from John Burroughs, who has coined his dollars out of locusts and wild honey? or from the late Mr. Roe, in whose hands the pen was mightier than the pruning-hook? But, on second thoughts, that is just what she has done. She failed with all ordinary and extraordinary cultivated crops, but the natural produce of her farm and neighborhood, which she has garnered in her book, should bring her in a pretty penny. The anecdotes, thick as huckleberries; the proverbs, racy of the soil; the wild, gamey, weedy flavor of the jokes that come up spontaneously, costing nothing—these are a harvest worth speaking of. Her crop of ghosts, alone, so different from the cut-and-dried ghosts of our acquaintance, so full of underworld sap, should pay all the costs of her experiment. Add to this that she has had the privilege of eating onions, raw, boiled, fried, baked, consecutively or all at once. In short, we are convinced that in 'Adopting an Abandoned Farm' Miss Sanborn has done a good thing, if not for the farm, at any rate for herself. Everybody else should send for and adopt her book. It smacks of contentment and 'pie fodder,' and is good to have around against a possible attack of the blues.

#### Five Recent French Instruction Books\*

THE DISTINGUISHING feature of the 'Compendious French Grammar' of A. H. Edgren (1) is that it consists, in reality, of two grammars, the one styled a 'Brief Introductory Survey of French Grammar,' and 'calculated for half a term or less,' and the other entitled 'Methodical Presentation of French Grammar,' and comprising a complete analysis of the forms of the language, including its prosody, with much general information. The idea of this twofold system is not new, but the plan is judicious, and always useful when well carried out, as it is in the present work. The introductory outline is concise and clear, with simple exercises. The completed grammar has historical remarks preceding the different chapters, and explaining the manner in which the French inflections are derived from the Latin forms. Longman's French Grammar (2) differs from other grammars in treating of the verb before the pronoun, an innovation which is not explained, and which cannot be deemed an im-

\* The Peace of the Church. By William R. Huntington. \$1.25. Charles Scribner's Sons.

† Adopting an Abandoned Farm. By Kate Sanborn. 50 cts. D. Appleton & Co.

\* 1. A Compendious French Grammar. By A. Hyalmar Edgren. (Modern Language Series.) D. C. Heath & Co. 2. French Grammar. By T. H. Bertenshaw. (Longman's French Course.) Longmans, Green & Co. 3. Dictionary: French and English, English and French. By John Bellows. Henry Holt & Co. 4. Historiettes Modernes. Ed. by C. Fontaine. Tome II. D. C. Heath & Co. 5. Colloquial French for Travellers. By H. Swan. Brentano's.

provement. In other respects the grammar has its good features. The rules are clearly expressed and well exemplified. The 'French-English and English-French Dictionary' of John Bellows (3) has reached a second edition. Originality is claimed for this dictionary in six points, which are enumerated on its first page, and in regard to which, we are told, 'patent is applied for'—a rather unusual addition to a copyright. With one exception these points do not appear to be of special importance, and for one of them the claim of patent right seems rather absurd—*vis.*, 'the translation of all words and phrases given in the following pages, which have previously appeared in no other dictionary.' The notable feature of the book is the printing of the French-English and English-French parts on the same pages, the English-French parts below the French-English. Words common to both languages are found only in the French-English part. Whatever may be thought of the merits of this plan, the manner in which it has been carried out cannot be commended. The work, on the whole, is confused and unsatisfactory. It is indifferently printed, the type seeming worn, and the impression often faint. The second volume of C. Fontaine's 'Historiettes Modernes' (4), which has just appeared (the first having been published in 1888), is a well-chosen collection of fifteen short stories, by the best modern French writers of that class of compositions—including André Theuriot, Jean Richépin, Guy de Maupassant, Emmanuel Arène, Erckmann and Chatrian, Jules Simon, and Jules Lemaitre. They are charming narratives, full of wit and grace, and all in excellent taste. To most of them brief biographical notices are prefixed; and useful explanations of idiomatic expressions are given in the notes. The volume will be an admirable reading-book for an advanced class. Among the many French phrase-books which are offered to tourists, H. Swan's 'Travellers' Colloquial French' (5) may be recommended for various excellences. The 'analysis of French pronunciation' which introduces it is particularly good. This, and the accompanying advice as to modes of address and general demeanor in public and private intercourse, deserve to be carefully studied. The exact pronunciation of every word is represented as accurately as mere print can do it. The phrases are well chosen, and are in the best idiom of the day. Many useful directions in regard to travelling, hotel-life, restaurants, money-changing, omnibuses and cabs and other utilities are interspersed, and help to make this little book a valuable pocket-companion for the tourist in France.

#### Mathematical Text-books,\* etc.\*

PROF. MACFARLANE'S 'Algebra of Logic' (1), published in Edinburgh in 1879, is now to be had in this country. It would be interesting if there were no other Algebras of Logic in existence; as it is, it presents a regrettable waste of ingenuity. Schroeder's 'Algebra of Logic' (2) is a book of a very different character. Of the sixteen possible systems, dependent upon the choice of a canonical form of expression for the universal and the particular proposition, Prof. Schroeder has chosen the best one—or, at least, one of the two or three best ones. His work is admirably executed, and has the effect of making the subject for the first time accessible to the inexperienced reader. He pays great attention to the work of American logicians, and he shows quite conclusively that the logical system of Boole (including, of course, that of his follower, Mr. Venn) possesses only an historical interest.

It is useless for an American journal to revise the endless succession of English editions of Euclid (3, 4). As we have before pointed out in these columns, there is no subject upon which

American youth are to be more heartily congratulated than upon the accident which led the early American educators to follow French instead of English models in geometry. Without any loss of rigidity—we except, of course, certain text-books—it saves them from the wretched arrangement and the extreme incompleteness of the English Euclids.

An attractive book, called 'Notes on Trigonometry and Logarithms' (5) is particularly intended for students who are without the guidance of a private tutor. Chap. VI. is entitled 'Compound Angles and Their Functions,'—an admirable term to introduce to cover sums and multiples of other angles. Interesting geometrical proofs are given, in addition to analytical ones, of most of the theorems. There is a large collection of well-chosen examples.

What is called a 'Practical Plane and Solid Geometry' (6) is, in reality, a collection of geometrical problems, very many of them with solutions. Charming applications are made to the construction of patterns and simple tracery, and even to tracery windows. The drawings, which constitute half the book, all face the page on which they are discussed,—an arrangement of very great value to the student. The references for proofs (which are not given) are to Euclid. The book will make a most interesting young geometer's companion.

Mr. Loney, lecturer at the munificently-endowed institution for women in England, Holloway College, has prepared a good text-book on the 'Elements of Statics and Dynamics' (7). It is chiefly intended for schools, and the examples are generally of a numerical and easy character. Prof. Comstock of the University of Wisconsin has done a useful piece of work in his elementary exposition of the Method of Least Squares (8).

Mr. Webster Wells's 'College Algebra' (9) seems to be a well-constructed book. The proofs, as far as we have examined them, are rigid. It must not be confounded with the text-books of another author of the same patronymic.

Prof. Davis's 'Introduction to the Logic of Algebra' (10)—a very different thing, by the way, from the algebra of logic—is the work of a thorough mathematician. It is a book that ought to be taken up after the student has finished the study of geometry; its aim is to give to the subject the rigor and the scientific character that geometry has from the beginning, but for which the student is too immature during his first course in algebra. There are a good many innovations in language, usually with the intention of making terms more vivid and 'contentful,' as the Germans could say. We have noticed an odd misstatement of a very elementary matter. On page 12 it said that not only do the same elements give the same results in addition, multiplication and evolution, but that also, if either of the elements is changed, the results will be changed. This should be 'if any one of the elements is changed, the others remaining unchanged,' etc. It would then be true, but it would still be less interesting than the statement that when the results are the same, the elements are *not* necessarily the same,—that is, that having multiplied some factors together to-day, you are not sure of being able to recover them to-morrow.

Prof. Fine's book (11) covers part of the same ground as Prof. Davis's, but there is this difference between them, that while the latter is written as a drill-book for students, the former is a brief presentation, intended for the gentleman and the scholar, of modern ideas on elementary matters, followed by a brief history of the course of their introduction. The book will be found interesting to every teacher of mathematics. There is an error of method on the first page. A property of number which is first given as a definition of the term is immediately afterwards stated as the fundamental postulate of arithmetic. The postulate required (if any) in addition to the definition is that *there are things possessing that property*.

Mr. Cajöri deserves much credit for the labor he has expended in collecting a great deal of material concerning the history of the teaching of mathematics in this country (12). His mastery of the art of writing was not sufficient to enable him to produce what can properly be called, in the literary sense, a book. To the execrable taste of some of his allusions to living mathematicians attention has already been called in *The Nation*, where it provoked some discussion.

#### Recent Fiction

MR. MAARTEN MAARTENS dearly loves an intricate moral question, as was shown in that very original story of his, 'The Sin of Joost Aveling,' wherein he led his readers through Cretan labyrinths of subtle ethical distinctions. The story which we have before us, 'An Old Maid's Love,' though of the same *genre*, lacks somewhat in force and concentration. There are too many outlets from the main issue. The situation is the result of defective reasoning on the part of an old woman whose rigid judgment, fixed in youth, has never been enlightened by many years' contact with human

\* 1. Algebra of Logic. By Alexander MacFarlane. Ginn & Co. 2. Algebra der Logik. Von Dr. Ernst Schroeder. B. G. Teubner. 3. Euclid's Elements of Geometry. By H. M. Taylor. Macmillan & Co. 4. An Edition of Euclid's Elements. By Langley and Phillips. Longmans, Green & Co. 5. Notes on Trigonometry and Logarithms. By the Rev. J. M. Eustace. Longmans, Green & Co. 6. Practical Plane and Solid Geometry. By I. H. Morris. Longmans, Green & Co. 7. Elements of Statics and Dynamics. By S. L. Loney. Macmillan & Co. 8. An Elementary Treatise upon the Method of Least Squares. By George C. Comstock. Ginn & Co. 9. College Algebra. By Webster Wells. Leach, Shewell & Sanborn. 10. An Introduction to the Logic of Algebra. By Ellery W. Davis. John Wiley & Sons. 11. The Number System of Algebra, treated Theoretically and Historically. By Henry B. Fine. Leach, Shewell & Sanborn. 12. The Teaching and History of Mathematics in the United States. B. Florian Cajöri, M.S. Bureau of Education Circular No. 3, 1890.



nature. In the former novel there is an onward progress of cumulative conviction, till, while battling against Joost's supersensitive perception of right, the reader himself in the end acknowledges that like him he would have given up the uncle's money and social distinctions (adding, mentally, if he had the courage). Here, however, there is no natural evolution of character. Young Arnout Oostrum runs off with a French Countess. He doesn't love her, and she doesn't wish to marry him. His old aunt, who adores him and feels it will be her death-blow if he does so marry, yet urges it with all the virulence of her rigid nature because she thinks it is right, and gets Dorothy, the young girl who really loves Arnout, to abet her in her course. This is the moral question propounded. Arnout asks the Countess to marry him, and she refuses in a burst of love, irony and self-abnegation. We confess, by the way, to a profound feeling of attachment to the Countess—a woman who could jest when mortally wounded, and who for two short months stirred up those stolid Dutch people into something like passion. At the moment when she has refused Arnout in an enigmatical way that left him tingling all over with wounds, his father, lately turned up, offers him great wealth. But Arnout, hearing that the gains are ill-got, spurns them—much too easily and loftily for the crisis of the story,—and goes back to his old, frigid aunt, penniless, to be punished. Only he is not punished; on the contrary, he is rewarded as only women can reward those who have made them suffer; and he finds Dorothy waiting, too. The story is very entertaining, in spite of great exaggerations in certain characters. (40 cts. Harper & Bros.)

'PHILIPPA' is a curious story. Mother and daughter wander over the Continent of Europe, from the cities to the watering-places and from the latter back again to the former, according to the season. Living in hotels, in the crowd but not of it, associating with no one, leaving no one behind who is sorry when they go away, having no one to greet them with gladness when they arrive, they lead a strangely desolate life. The mother, a delicate, shrinking invalid, seems to ask for nothing better; the daughter, young, handsome and full of life, longs for human companionship and bitterly resents the fact that she has never known a friend. At last she meets a young fellow at Trouville who insists upon befriending them, and ends by asking the girl to be his wife. She tells him she cannot as they are living under a cloud. He loses sight of them, and they wander back to America where the mother dies. Philippa feels herself utterly alone, but her lover appears and again asks her to marry him. She tells him the story of her life, but he loves her too much to care about it, and they are married and go back to England to live. The interest of the story lies in the character of the girl, which is strong and attractive. It is the fourth issue in the Unknown Library, and is by 'Ella.' (50 cts. Cassell Pub. Co.)

A TRANSLATION of some nine or ten tales from the Spanish of Alarcón has just been made by Mary J. Serrano and published in a volume called 'Moors and Christians,' the book taking its title from the first of these stories. This one tells the history of a Moorish document found in an old tower in the neighborhood of Grenada, a relic of the Moorish occupation of Spain. The manuscript contains information as to a great treasure which has been buried beneath the tower, but the finder cannot turn in the matter because he knows nothing of Arabic. He sends it to Morocco to be translated; it is lost, sold and stolen repeatedly, until it at last finds its way back to Spain in the hands of a man who demands half the treasure as the price of the knowledge he can impart. He is arrested and hung before he and the owner of the tower can come to terms, and the secret dies with him. It has resulted disastrously for every one with whom it was in any way connected. This story and the others in the book have quite a good deal of local color, and read as if they were accurate and life-like pictures of Andalusia, but they cannot be said to inspire any great degree of interest. (50 cts. Cassell Pub. Co.)—IN THE VOLUME of short stories before us, called 'Sunny Stories and Some Shady Ones,' the writer, James Payn, says he has no intention of shocking anyone into purchasing his book, but there lives no reader so bald that he could not raise a hair or two upon him, if he chose, by the recital of horrid stories, for his brain is teeming with them. It has been his study for months to wade through the red Catalogues of Human Crime, and it is his aim in these chapters to give the more curious leaves from these dark annals. They are narratives of mystery, of humor and of pathos, leaving the more revolting pictures untouched. The shady stories begin with two historical inquiries—'Who Killed Charles I.? And was his royal body hung in chains at Tyburn?' The sunny ones are milk-and-water efforts to relieve what their author thinks is probably the too great gloom of the others. (50 cts. United States Book Co.)

THE SCRIBNERS have collected into a volume called 'Color Studies, and A Mexican Campaign' some of the tales which have made the name of Thomas A. Janvier so well-known to magazine readers. The interest of these stories centres around a little knot of New York artists who live over in that district of motley trades and professions, Greenwich, where the junkshop and the old-clothing 'emporium' alternate with the butchers' and bakers' shops. The artists' names are all significant of their profession, and also typical of certain personal and moral qualities. There is Van Dyke Brown, who is deeply in love with Rose Maddar, and McGilp, his deadly rival, who possesses some of his good attributes, but has treacherous streaks in his composition; and there is old, self-satisfied Cremnitz White, and Robert Lake, both of the older generations; Jaune D'Antimoine making up to Rose Carthame, of the new, and Violet Carmine, Gamboge, Rowney Mauve, Badger Brush, and such a *tour de force* in names that one wonders if the author isn't talking about a vivified-pallet where the characters will all turn out to be patches of paint when the story is told; just as the people in 'Alice in Wonderland' turned out to be a pack of cards falling about her head when she awoke. Indeed, we think Mr. Janvier has carried his clever little conception too far, and that what would have been a bright suggestion for a sketch has become tedious in larger dimensions. We also find his descriptive style unenlivening, his people commonplace and their conversation tiresome and uninspiring; but there is a naturalness about his situations and a certain truthfulness of tone that gives his book that atmosphere of nature which is, perhaps, the chief need of a work of fiction. (50 cts. Charles Scribner's Sons.)

A YOUNG MAN of noble birth dissipates his fortune in Paris and in his effort to recuperate it falls into the hands of a matrimonial agency, composed of scoundrels who undertake to furnish him with a wife worth a million francs provided he agrees to pay them three hundred thousand francs out of her dowry. The girl, who knows nothing of all this, turns out to be a most lovable person, and the affair develops into a love-match. The husband is covered with shame and confusion whenever he thinks of the manner in which he has obtained his wife. He has no means of paying the debt except through her and he does not dare to ask her for the money. The agents have him completely in their power, and not only harass him to death with the debt, but force their odious society upon him and his wife in all circumstances. The wife knows something is wrong, but she cannot fathom it. At last the day comes when the settlement has to be made. Raoul pays the money, receives the paper he has signed in return, and the trouble is at an end. He offers the paper to his wife to read, but she destroys it unopened. This story by Pierre Sales is called 'The Price of a Coronet,' and is adapted from the French by Mrs. Benjamin Lewis. With the exception of Raoul's wife and aunt the characters in the book are detestable, and most of the situations are absurd. (\$1. Cassell Pub. Co.)

TWO RUSSIANS, father and daughter, are political suspects and are forced to leave home and take refuge in Paris where they soon learn that their estates have been confiscated. The girl supports them both by giving music lessons, and eventually becomes devoted to a young American artist, Julian North, who loves her very much in return. The father will not consent to the match because the artist is poor, and marries his daughter against her will to a Russian Prince, a horrible creature, but a man of great wealth and influence who obtains permission for his father-in-law to return to his native land. The Prince tries at first to win his wife's love, but finding that to be a hopeless undertaking he treats her with a refinement of cruelty which would be incredible in any but a Russian. He insults and degrades her in every way a man can insult a woman, in public and in private, and when she threatens to leave him tells her that he will have her father arrested and sent to Siberia the instant she does so. That she shall continue to live with him and be ill-treated by him is his revenge upon her. He is rescued from drowning one day by none other than North, his wife's old lover. It pleases the Prince to show North great kindness, but the latter knows what the woman he loves is subjected to by this man and he determines to kill him. His plan succeeds: the duel is fought and the Prince is killed, but there is no happiness for the artist afterwards. The Princess tells him she will marry him at once and they will live their lives out together, but he says there will always be the shadow of a dead body between them and he cannot stand it. He ends by committing suicide. The story is called 'Mea Culpa,' and is by Henry Harland ('Sidney Luska'); and it is an effort on the author's part to write a novel in the style of the French and Russian realists. The plot is an original one and the situations are thrilling, not to say sensational; but the story has not the artistic finish, nor is it handled with the skill

which makes the excursions of the foreign novelists into such fields palatable. The analysis of human passion here is somewhat crude, and the book has the flavor which 'Anna Karénina' would have had if it had been written by Henry Harland instead of Tolstol. (\$1.25. United States Book Co.)

'THE THREE MISS KINGS' pass the early years of their lives in a lonely spot belonging to one of the English colonies. They see no one, know no one except their father and mother, who die just as the girls are grown, and leave them to struggle with the world and themselves. They decide to break up their home and go to Melbourne to live. They have no knowledge of the world or its ways and are soon introduced to Mrs. Grundy. They learn, by experience, however, and in the course of time inherit a large and unexpected fortune, and marry the men of their choice. It is a commonplace, tiresome sort of book, filled with utterly commonplace people, and drags itself over three hundred closely printed pages. It is by Ada Cambridge. (50 cts. D. Appleton & Co.)—MRS. BURNETT'S 'Earlier Stories' have been reprinted in two very pretty volumes. The first series contains 'Lindsay's Luck,' 'Miss Crespigny' and 'Theo'; the second consists of 'Kathleen Mavourneen' and 'Pretty Polly Pemberton.' These stories are too well-known to need any comment. They will be read because Mrs. Burnett wrote them; but, like the first efforts of many other good writers, they are not at all equal to her later productions. (2 vols. \$2.50. Charles Scribner's Sons.)—HJALMAR HJORTH BOYESEN has written a story called 'The Mammon of Unrighteousness,' the scene of which he lays in a small town in New York, and into which he introduces innumerable characters who do nothing in particular and are of no particular interest. An old man who founds a university and makes himself unusually hateful to professors and students, two nephews, one good and the other bad, and an infinite variety of womankind, go to make up a book in which the author has endeavored to depict persons and conditions which are profoundly and typically American. It can be left to the reader to decide whether a certain amount of success in this endeavor will repay him for a corresponding lack of interest in the story as such. The author has disregarded all romantic traditions, and simply asked himself in each instance whether it was true to the logic of reality—true to American soil and character. (\$1.25. United States Book Co.)

WE DO NOT LIKE to say hard things about the lady who signs herself 'John Strange Winter'; but if 'Good-Bye,' her latest novel, is not a 'shilling-shocker,' we do not know one when we see it. A man opens a love-letter addressed to his wife; it is signed by the hand of a common friend. Nothing will satisfy him that his wife and his friend are innocent. He insists on a divorce suit, in which the wife is adjudged guilty. They separate, and she is lost to sight. Her husband shortly after marries again. He and his second wife get along tolerably well, but not rapturously. Through coincidences and confessions from cabmen and servants he finds that he has been the victim of a conspiracy, and that the letter and testimony against his first wife were all false. His next move is to find the injured woman, which he does, abetted by his present wife, who naively asks if an Act of Parliament could not set aside her marriage, so that he might be reunited with his former wife. Hope, the first wife, is found teaching a kindergarten, and among her pupils is her little son, born some time after her separation from her husband, and of whose birth he knew nothing. After mutual confessions all around, such as the fact that Hope still loves Dick, her quondam husband, and that he adores her, there is nothing for Flossie (wife No. 2) to do, but to contract a fatal malady, which she does at once. And then these two women, formerly and still good friends, send the boy to Dick, accompanied by a note saying that Flossie is going to die and that Hope is going South with her while she does it—a malicious tongue might say to see that she does it. If the reader knows any element of sensation that might be added to this tale, we hope he will advise Mrs. Stannard of it; no doubt it would be welcome. (25 cts. United States Book Co.)

### London Letter

THE somewhat sudden death of Miss Jessie Fothergill, the novelist which occurred in Switzerland about ten days ago, leads us to recall a few of her principal successes in literature. 'The First Violin,' 'Probation,' and 'The Wellfields' are books well-known and widely read. By the first named Miss Fothergill's reputation was emphatically made; and her own account of the manner in which it saw the light may interest your readers. Only a few months ago she thus narrated the circumstances, not without a glow of pardonable exultation. 'I went to the firm which had brought out my two former unlucky efforts' ('Healey' and 'Aldyth'),—'but they

kindly and patiently advised me, for the sake of whatever literary reputation I might have obtained, not to publish this novel. Much nettled, I replied somewhat petulently that I acknowledged their right to refuse it, but not to advise me in the matter, and added that I would publish it.' Another firm 'made it a rule never to bring out novels except those of some promise.' Mine was said to be 'up in the clouds, while at the same time 'below their mark.' Finally, Mr. Bentley took pity on it, and ran it through *Temple Bar*. 'Since that time,' concluded the speaker, simply, 'I have never experienced any difficulty in disposing of my wares.'

A native of Manchester, and thoroughly conversant with its uproar of commercial life, Miss Fothergill shared with her distinguished predecessor, Mrs. Gaskell, an enthusiasm for its grander aspects. Always at her best when describing humble scenes laid among the factories of our northern shires, the gifted author of 'Mary Barton' never put in a happier touch than when she depicted the sudden thrill of tenderness and affection which ran through the assembled crowd of poor, toilworn holiday-makers, on beholding in the far distance the smoke of their own Manchester, 'dirty, grimy Manchester—dear, busy, nobleworking Manchester,' while revelling in their one long day among the Durham Woods. The joyous recognition, the memories which are inspired by the sight, and the softened mood which succeeds, are all brought before us in a few vivid sentences, and we, too, experience a sense of that strange power which occasionally underlies the commonest outward circumstance, to strike the heartstrings and vibrate through the soul. Miss Fothergill never wrote to equal Mrs. Gaskell's writing, but she followed on the same lines; and her work, while it lacked the divine spark, was always agreeable, interesting, and not without power.

If various announcements of a sanguine character are to be relied upon, and are not merely feathers sent up to test the direction of the wind, quite a budget of new periodicals may be expected before the close of the year. More and more it would seem, the ephemeral book is giving place to the ephemeral magazine. Over a century ago, Sir John Hawkins declared that literature was suffering from the success of frivolous magazines. What would he say now?

Moreover, by some of these catch-penny new-comers, there is a wildness, not to say a vulgarity, of expedient resorted to, which must surely astonish those who still believe in the English sobriety of temperament. Can it be possible that people—people calling themselves ladies and gentlemen—people at any rate who read periodicals and discuss the articles therein—will actually go about vaunting this or that sixpenny-worth, and imploring their friends and acquaintances to patronize it, in order that they, the tooters, may present to the editor a list of new subscribers, entitling them to tickets for travel on the Continent or elsewhere? Are we liable to be accosted by the eager demand, 'Do take in such and such a journal or review, because I want so much to go up the Rhine, or over the St. Gothard'? Hitherto the boldest mendicants among us have been content with badgering each other for contributions to charitable projects, bazaars, school-feasts, and the like,—but if unblushing young men and women are to be spurred on to pursue and hunt down their species by these new demons of journalistic enterprise, who is to say where it may end?

Few volumes of verse are lucky enough to win a third edition in three months: yet such is the fate of 'Lapsus Calami,' by J. K. S. Nor has the author been puffed up thereby. With almost unprecedented modesty and discretion he has withdrawn a very considerable number of the verses which appeared in the original type, replacing these by fresh ones, greatly to the improvement of the whole. It says something for an author that he should be both willing and able to do this, but then it says something for 'Lapsus Calami' that it, a book of poetry, should have found a market at all. Not long ago I was at Mudie's with a friend, who was offered among the new books of the day Mrs. Emily Pfeiffer's poems, which certainly have a fine poetic vein, yet as certainly never 'went down' with the public. 'Oh, I have bought that,' said my friend, quickly. 'You have bought it? Ah! But, and here Mr. — smiled with the peculiarly sly and twinkling smile of a grave man diverted by his own thoughts, 'but, permit me to ask, Madame, have you read it?' Well did he know what the purchase of such a volume went for!

'Heine's Works,' translated by C. G. Leland, come to me from Mr. Heinemann—at least Vol. I., containing 'Florentine Nights,' 'Herr von Schnabelewopski,' and 'Shakespeare's Maidens and Women,' is come, and the rest, I hope, will follow. So far as he has gone, Mr. Leland may indeed be congratulated on the manner in which he has performed a difficult task, which has been often and often attempted, and often and often failed in. Scarce a scholar of either sex but has had a 'try' at Heine's incomparable 'Lieder,' yet can it be said that any one yet has scored a veritable success? Mr. Leland has still to show whether or not he can claim to have done so. He has wisely begun with the prose works of the merry,



mirth-inspiring Teuton, and there can hardly be a question as to the excellence of his rendering of these.

Heine is not beloved over here. He made fun of the English race as he made fun of his own race, and neither Englishmen nor Germans like to be laughed at. This is how he treats Londoners in the 'Florentine Nights':—'The devil take the people with their language!' he cries. 'They take a dozen monosyllables in their mouth, chew them, crush them, and spit them out, and call that talking!' And to such an uncivil speech we can make no retort, because the wretch has already done that for us; if he laughed at the English language, he roared at his own; and we, who might have sneered at the gutturals of the Fatherland, finding him sneering there before us! This is drawing our teeth with a vengeance. In truth Heine belonged to no country and no nation; with the Teutonic race he had not the slightest sympathy, and 'that he should have been born in Germany,' says a contemporary, 'was the maddest freak of fortune.'

'For God and Humanity,' by Haskett Smith, is a new three-volume novel, brought out by the Messrs. Blackwood. In it most people will recognize an attempt to delineate the life and principles of Laurence Oliphant, a life about which so much has been heard, yet so little is really known. Our author does not, it is true, point straight at his hero and say, virtually, 'This is Oliphant,' but he places Cyril Gordon in a region similar to that chosen by the brilliant visionary, and there causes him to work out Oliphant's well-known theories. The book is serious, and its tone elevating, but it may be questioned whether it has sufficient power to take hold of a hurrying world, and gain its distracted ear.

At Berlin the committee appointed to arrange for the meeting of the Literary and Artistic Congress declare that the refusal of the French members to resort thither for the meeting is a pretext for regaining freedom of choice as to the place where it should be held. The Berlin *savants* do not see this at all, and to add insult to injury, they have been accused of dilatoriness and indifference on the subject. Now they have raised their voices, and with one accord protest innocence and proclaim their wrongs. France will have to knock under, I wis.

Lord Randolph Churchill's letters anent Mashonaland are doubtless written with a vast amount of care and pains, but somehow they don't 'go.' There is a deadly exactitude about them. There is a fatal attention to truth. They resemble the stolid prospectus of a gold-mining company, bristling with figures, rather than the narrative of an accomplished traveller writing for a cultivated audience. A sentence like the following, for instance, may contain a summary of facts, but hardly presents a picture for the imagination: 'The abundant presence of pyrites compels the chemical treatment of the concentrates and tollings, the stamps alone being unable to extract more than 50 per cent. of the gold. The treatment of the ore by cyanide of potassium is being tried upon the tollings, and a chlorination plant is being installed for the treatment of the concentrates.' The different amounts of capital spent on the various mines, the dividends declared, the numbers of workmen employed, and the rates of wages received by them, are all minutely entered into; but I confess to finding column after column of this sort of thing somewhat monotonous, and having finished one letter with labor and sorrow, I experience an extraordinary disinclination towards beginning another.

On the other hand, Mr. W. D. Howells, in his latest appearance as a critic and authority, is amusing to the last degree; but one cannot take *au sérieux* a word he says. Lord Randolph's dulness is gospel truth; Mr. Howells's vivacity is the rainbow on the breaking wave. It is pretty, but it is a phantasm and no more. We all like Mr. Howells's books, but to hear him scattering his fancies abroad as he does in 'Criticism and Fiction' is too funny. Scott, Dumas, Balzac and Thackeray are all mere soap-bubbles, we now learn for the first time; and Mr. W. D. Howells is the only real interpreter of mankind in its humors; and he boasts away and scolds away, and enjoys himself so much and so merrily in the full and firm belief that we in England are to be scolded and boasted out of all our old faith and our old devotion, that it is, as I have said, a very pretty performance, with just a touch of pathos in its simplicity. Does Mr. Howells really think that we are going to take him for our guide, counsellor, and court-from-which-there-is-no-appeal, in these matters? We may—many of us do admire his writings; but we cannot help wishing he would not admire them so very much himself. It was a shrewd old English moralist who, when describing good work done in olden time, once concluded his homily in these impressive words: 'Then self-applause comes in, and tarnishes the whole.' Mr. Howells has done good work—very good work; but self-applause such as he now and then gives vent to—never more boisterously than in 'Criticism and Fiction'—would tarnish anything.

L. B. WALFORD.

## Boston Letter

COL. T. W. HIGGINSON is spending the summer, as usual, at Dublin, N. H., but even in the hot months he does not allow physical discomfort (so far as there can be discomfort in a pleasant Granite State country home) to cause any slacking of interest in his great historical work. The preparation of the Massachusetts Military and Naval History, which he has three years longer to complete, is his chief literary employment. A preliminary sketch of the work is to appear in *The New England Historical and Genealogical Register* for January. This will be the first attempt at a chronological list of all battles in which the Massachusetts troops were engaged, with the regiments designated in each case, and an approximate estimate of the killed and wounded. It has been prepared under Col. Higginson's direction by his assistant, Mr. Jaques, and must have demanded a vast amount of labor, inasmuch as the Massachusetts troops were seldom brigaded together, and the official returns are usually made by brigades without discriminating between regiments. As a result of this latter arrangement the various printed statements commonly differ almost hopelessly, and it is supposed that, with the best efforts, the preliminary report must contain many errors. This is, however, the reason for printing it; and it is proposed to send a copy of it to every veteran organization in the State with a request that the members point out omissions and furnish corrections. The report thus amended will afford the necessary basis for the whole work, so far as the Army is concerned. The naval details will have to be approached separately, I presume.

The new volume of poems by Emily Dickinson is nearly ready for the press. It contains more poems than the first, with many that are quite as striking. These will be under the same editorship as before—that of Mrs. Todd and Col. Higginson. *The Atlantic* has just received from the latter a paper containing an account of his first acquaintance with Miss Dickinson, together with many of her letters, which, I am told, are at least as quaint and original as her poems. Another work on which the busy Cambridge author is engaged is his address before the Nineteenth Century Club, in New York, last winter, on 'The New World and the New Book.' The lecture is as yet unpublished, and Col. Higginson, in preparing it for the press, anticipates some comment with disapproval from those who incline to what he regards as the colonial view of American literature. The address will be accompanied by several kindred papers from *The Independent* and *The Christian Union*.

The 'War-papers' of *The Atlantic* are to be continued in the October issue by an article from Col. Henry Stone. Col. Stone was a gallant soldier, who won his promotions by good service on the field; and he has since told his experiences in *The Century* and in lectures before the Lowell Institute. At the request of Gen. Thomas he was assigned to duty on that officer's staff, and it is of Thomas that he is now to write. Though 'Second Lieutenant Stone' was recorded as a Wisconsin soldier at the outbreak of the War, yet Maine and Bowdoin College claim him as their son by birth and education, while Washington, New York and Boston have made him their son by residence. His wife, Mrs. Whiton-Stone, a lady of Portsmouth, N. H., has made her name known here by writings in the daily press and other periodicals.

In itself an auction-sale is prosaic enough, but the memories it awakens are often romantic. Several Bostonians who visited the town of North Conway, N. H., last week had this fact brought prominently before them. They attended the auction of the home of Lady Blanche Murphy—a picturesque house which now, by right of the sale, is to be turned into a commonplace hotel. There, in the hills of the Granite State, lived Lady Blanche, whose writings appeared from time to time in the magazines, and her husband, the talented musician, Thomas P. Murphy. He, when a poor orphan boy, had been educated in England and Belgium by charitable people who had discovered his talents. Soon he became organist to the Earl of Gainsborough. Giving lessons to the daughter of the Earl, the young man naturally, or romantically (the realist, I presume, would not allow the two to be identical), fell in love with his pupil, and as she reciprocated the affection, they were married. But the stern parent was not wanting in this romance in real life, and Lady Blanche, disowned by her father, sailed with the poor musician for America. Here her pen helped in the support of the family; and, if I remember correctly, she never saw her father or heard from him again. But when she died, about nine years ago, her body was claimed for the burying-ground of the old Gainsborough Castle. Last fall Thomas Murphy passed away, and now their home goes into the hands of strangers. Its story, however, will probably long be told to visitors in the White Mountains.

BOSTON, August 25, 1891.

CHARLES E. L. WINGATE.

## The Lounger

THE FOLLOWING WORDS are taken from a letter written by a reader of *The Century* to a friend who had called her attention to 'A Common Story' in the August number of that magazine. The writer is a young woman blessed (or afflicted) with an imagination so strong as to enable her to sympathize with sufferers whose special woes she herself has never experienced. 'I think the woman who wrote it (it is a woman, isn't it?),' she writes, 'has a wonderfully clear way of picturing the very painful bounds to a woman's freedom. Such a story makes one appreciate the charm of Edward Bellamy's theory of the proper way to conduct a love-affair! It is so common a story that one can't read it without a little heartache.' This seems to me to show a very true appreciation of the situation described by the author, and also of his skill in delineating it; for to mistake him for a woman is to pay him the highest compliment the case admits. Mr. Balesier is anything but a woman—and 'A Common Story' is not even a 'maiden' effort. He is the author of 'A Fair Device' (1884), 'A Victorious Defeat' (1886) and a 'campaign biography' of Mr. Blaine; and apropos of this last work he contributed to *The Critic* of Aug. 2, 1884, a paper on earlier specimens of American campaign biographical literature. He is the agent of the United States Book Co. in London, where his office is in Dean's Yard, under the very wing of Westminster; and he is Mr. Heinemann's partner in the scheme to supplant with something better the Tauchnitz Library of English Literature. He is still a young man.

*The Mail and Express*, whose editor's military title might mislead the world as to his deeply religious character, had he not a daily paper in which to proclaim his goodness, has just laid the corner-stone of a building at Broadway and Fulton Street that will tower 211 feet above the curbstone. Among the uninvited witnesses of the ceremony was an irreverent individual who asked Judge Noah Davis, when he said of the newspaper in question that its readers would 'always find something good in it,' whether he referred to its tips on horse-races; and another who, to the oft-repeated question of a song that was sung, 'What do we lay today?' ventured the suggestion 'An egg.' But these amenities did not appreciably mar the prosperity of the occasion. The most conspicuous thing at the 'laying'—after the editor himself—was a huge supplication, in red letters, 'God bless *The Mail and Express*.'

'A CERTAIN CONDESCENSION in Foreigners' was not smiled out of existence by Mr. Lowell's keen and delightful lucubrations thereon. It survived the irony of that delicate attack, and has shown itself proof against the less subtle influences that have been brought to bear upon it. To-day it is almost as palpable as it was a generation since. I doubt that it will ever succumb to any fusillade from this side of the water, and it is out of the question that it should die a natural death. In the case of the Britisher, it is simply impossible that he should speak of things American without betraying a certain feeling of superiority. He may try ever so hard, but the thing can't be done. In the *London Daily News*, some weeks ago, there was printed a highly appreciative editorial article on American literature, apropos of the Popular Edition of Prof. Richardson's History. The writer generously said:—

We have got rid of all idea of judging American books otherwise than as we judge of English books. We take them—or, at all events, honestly try to take them—on their merits alone. We do not profess to be able to beat Nathaniel Hawthorne, or Poe in his way, or Bret Harte in his different way; or, for the matter of that, Mr. James and Mr. Howells in their different ways. We make no attempt to patronize them. We do not say they write very well—for Americans. We do not pretend to have living Englishmen who can write ever so much more fancifully and charmingly than Oliver Wendell Holmes. We do not express any wonder that an American man could act so well as Joseph Jefferson acts, or that an American woman can play the tamed shrew as brilliantly as Ada Rehan plays it. We have forgotten all about that sort of feeling, and we now expect that American writers shall do just as well as English writers—and of late years they generally do.

THE PATRONISING tone is distinctly audible in the line that I have italicised. It is loud and vibrant in the words that follow:—'Many men who know both countries are of opinion that the English Parliament missed a great chance in not being able to have Wendell Phillips in the House of Commons. We do not know how to put it quite politely—but it does seem to us as if Wendell Phillips was a little thrown away on the politics of his own country.' If this is the way an Englishman writes who sincerely desires to divest himself of prejudice, what are we to expect of one who has no wish to be fair-minded? Let the rabid pages of *The National Observer* furnish a reply.

'STOCKTON AT HOME' was the subject of three columns of description and dialogue in one of the Sunday numbers of the *World*, some weeks ago. The interviewer went out to Convent Station, N. J., and found the storyteller occupying the comfortable and spacious house that used to echo to the shouts and footsteps of the Hon. Theodore Roosevelt when a boy. Mr. and Mrs. Stockton are not blessed (or the reverse) with children of their own; so the house is quieter than it used to be. This is a lucky thing for the author and his readers, for Mr. Stockton, though he used to be a journalist and wrote several thousand words a day, is a very deliberate writer, now that he confines his efforts to creative work, and turns out only about a thousand words. 'I always dictate,' he says, 'and my stenographer must be without a trace of nervousness, for I will wait an hour for the right word.' But what moves me to call attention to this article is the information it conveys about Pomona of the Rudder Grange. That young woman—whom Mr. Stockton rightly pronounces *sui generis*—was 'real,' it seems: 'just as real as the boat and the family who dwelt therein.' After she left the domestic service of the Stocktons she betook herself to the stage, for which she had always felt a vocation; and now:—'You may read her stage-name in the largest of letters on a hundred posters in New York during the season. Remember, I say you may do so. Further than that I will not give you any clue.'

*The Graphic* is the name of one of the newer Chicago ventures in journalism. It is an illustrated weekly, devoted largely—as all its fellow-townspapers are—to the congenial task of 'booming' the wonderful city in which it lives, and moves and has its circulation. I find this prophecy in one of its recent numbers:—

How long the East will be able to retain her pre-eminence in the making of many books is only a question of time. Chicago is destined to be the home of the greatest publishing interests of America. She already leads in the publishing of subscription books, and in the publication of books of a general literary character has made greater strides within the last eight years than in the preceding twenty years. This is only the beginning of the end that shall make Chicago the home of general publishing interests as extensive, proportionately, as are her other commercial interests.

There is no disputing the first statement in this quotation: 'how long' it will be before *anything* happens 'is only a question of time.'

THE JOURNALIST whom I 'took up,' lately, for misprinting a line of Whitman's in a way that spoiled the rhythm (spelling out 'Whate'er, where'er it is,' into 'Whatever, wherever, etc.),' writes to say:—'If you will just look into "Specimen Days" (page 105, edition of 1882—the first), you will find that I have correctly copied. It struck me as being harsh, and perhaps he has changed it in later editions.' The lines originally appeared in *The Critic*, and as there given were rhythmically correct.

*The Pennsylvania Magazine of History and Biography* for July contains an able and interesting paper of fourteen pages on the late S. Austin Allibone (with a good portrait for a frontispiece), by the Rev. S. D. McConnell of Philadelphia. The closing paragraph, to which a correspondent directs my attention, is specially characteristic of Dr. Allibone's Christian life and amiable character:—

At Lucerne, Switzerland, he died, September 2, 1889. In accordance with his earnest wish, his earthly remains were not brought to his native land. They rest in the beautiful cemetery of Friedenstral (the Valley of Peace) at Lucerne. The last lines of his favorite selection when asked for his autograph (from Mrs. Barbauld's 'Poem on Life') are carved at the base of the cross which stands above his grave:—

Say not, Good-night! But in some brighter clime  
Bid me, Good-morning!

TO THE EDITOR of the *Iowa Capital* Mr. Andrew D. Mellick, Jr., of Plainfield, N. J., has sent an account of the circumstances in which 'The Story of an Old Farm; or, Life in New Jersey in the Eighteenth Century' was written. In southern New Mexico, nearly seven years ago, Mr. Mellick had a difference of opinion with a Comanche pony, and as a result has since 'been unable to stand, walk, or (what is worse) write.' To beguile the pains and tedium of his hours on a lounge, he betook himself to the writing of this book. The work was undertaken at a time when his sufferings were great, and his opportunities of composition so casual as to make the employment of a regular amanuensis impracticable. The chance services of friends and the members of his family were all that he could command. The following passage from Mr. Mellick's letter will give the reader an idea of the patience brought to bear in the discharge of his self-imposed and pleasurable task:—

During the entire time the writing of this book was under way, no visits could be made to localities, libraries, the rooms of historical socie-



ties, or to individuals. Information not obtained from books was only to be had by extensive and prolonged correspondence, necessitating the dictating of over two thousand letters. In addition, not only did the body of the work grow by dictation, but the copious notes, covering two thousand folio pages, made from reading the books enumerated in the bibliography in the appendix, were preserved in like manner.

### Lowelliana

THE SIX and a half pages devoted to Mr. Lowell in last week's *Critic* by no means exhausted the subject. His genius had so many sides, his character was so strong, his interests and experiences so varied, he lived so long and came into contact with so many people, that the material for criticism and anecdote is overabundant. It would be easy to fill a page a week till next August with comments and eulogy, and still to leave much that was worth saying unsaid at the end of the year.

There was never a less mercenary author than Mr. Lowell. We doubt that he wrote a single line, in the whole course of his life, merely for the sake of the money it would bring him in. One may say that his circumstances placed him above the necessity of 'writing for money,' and so, perhaps, in his later years, they did; but it is equally true that the offers he received were such that he must have been either very rich (which he was not), or very indifferent to money, to decline them. I understand that *Harper's* offered him \$5,000 for six articles—none of which was ever written; and that *The Century* offered him \$1,000 for each of as many essays as he would write; and he wrote but one. To go from great sums to small, when *The Critic* offered him \$100 for the MS. of a part of his hastily prepared opening address at one of the Authors' Readings in this city—every word of which might have been taken down by a reporter and printed without impropriety the next morning,—he merely said, firmly, but with a polite smile, 'I cannot bring myself to part with it.' He probably knew that, if printed, it would be permanently preserved, and did not care to have it go down to posterity with his more considered work.

Mr. Lowell's will, which was offered for probate in Middlesex County, Mass., on the 19th inst., shows him to have been anything but a man of wealth. He leaves the bulk of his property to his daughter, the wife of Edward Burnett, of Southboro, Mass., and her children. To Harvard College he gives his copy of 'Webster on Witchcraft,' formerly belonging to Increase Mather, President of the College, and such other of his books as the Library of the College does not possess or of which his editions are preferable. He gives all his manuscripts, correspondence and papers to Prof. Charles Eliot Norton, making him his literary executor. Prof. Norton is also allowed to choose a book from his friends library 'at his discretion.' George Putnam and Moorefield Storey are named as the executors.

The detailed account and criticism of Mr. Lowell's life and work which appeared in *The Nation* was written by Col. T. W. Higginson; the editorial article in *The Christian Union* was written by Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie. Both of these papers were unsigned, but their authorship was not difficult to detect from internal evidence; we announce it, in each case, by permission. The leading article in *The Critic's* several pages on the same subject (including the bit of blank-verse with which it concluded) was from the pen of Mr. Edward J. Harding. Mr. Curtis wrote in *Harper's Weekly* over his signature; Mr. Stedman was interviewed in the *Tribune*; Col. Higginson writes in this week's *Harper's Bazar*; and Dr. Eggleston contributes a budget of reminiscences to *The Independent*. This week's *Puck* contains a memorial cartoon by Keppler.

The best portrait of Mr. Lowell we have ever seen is a large photograph taken by Gutekunst of Philadelphia on Feb. 1, 1889—three weeks before the poet's seventieth birthday. It was reproduced, in its original proportions, in *Harper's Weekly* last week (Aug. 22), and we understand will probably be engraved as a frontispiece for *The Century*.

A correspondent of *The Evening Post* points out the fact that in the article on Mr. Lowell in that paper, of which the greater part was reproduced in these columns last week, three generations were overlooked in tracing the poet's ancestry back to England. He was of the eighth generation in this country, instead of the fifth. 'The Rev. John Lowell,' James Russell Lowell's great-grandfather, 'was the son, not of Percival, but of Ebenezer Lowell of Boston, shoemaker, and grandson of John Lowell of Boston, a cooper. The last-named John of Boston was the son of John Lowell of Newbury, and grandson of Percival Lowell, above mentioned, who came from Bristol to Newbury in 1639.' The same correspondent—F. L. Gay of Brookline, Mass.—declares the evidence of authorship to be much stronger in favor of John Adams than of Mr. Lowell's grandfather, Judge Lowell, in the matter of

the preparation and insertion of the clause in the Massachusetts Constitution which abolished slavery in that State.

It is remarked in Boston that Mr. Lowell's face and voice were not as familiar to the general public as were Longfellow's, Holmes's and Emerson's. He was not a regular lyceum lecturer, and even his best dinner-table speeches were delivered away from the Hub. Nevertheless Boston knew his amiable, courteous ways, as well as his intellectual gifts. A writer from that city mentions observing him one day talking to an Italian organ-grinder graciously, asking him about Italy, and trying to identify him with one of the scenes which the poet remembered while residing in that country.

'Mr. Lowell's friends relate to-day several incidents about him,' said a correspondent of *The Evening Post* on the day of Mr. Lowell's death. 'One is a well-authenticated story that Mr. Gladstone's adoption of his Home-Rule policy was hastened by the influence of Mr. Lowell over him when he was Minister to Great Britain. In a conversation with Mr. Gladstone, Lowell so urged upon him the diversity of people under British rule, the impossibility of efficient and detailed government by a central administration, and the advantage of giving separate localities jurisdiction of local affairs, especially as related to Ireland, that Gladstone was much impressed, and Lowell's views had a material influence on his policy. The corroboration of this statement is from an English source.'

Concerning Mr. Lowell's absent-mindedness the Boston *Advertiser* says that when he was editor of *The Atlantic* he not infrequently would put MSS. into his pocket with the intention of reading them at his leisure, carry them home—and forget all about them. Authors were constantly inquiring about articles which they had requested to be returned if unaccepted, and of which they could get no tidings after repeatedly addressing the editor on the subject. Often the articles would be discovered in an overcoat that had been worn the previous winter, and quite as often they would not be discovered at all.

'An admirable talker,' says *The Athenaeum*, 'Mr. Lowell could hold his own in the most brilliant society, and his fame was accordingly great; but it is less well known that he was an admirable letter-writer. He took trouble to be a good correspondent—a thing few people nowadays care to do; his style was witty and playful, and, when he chose, epigrammatic; and if he was writing to a lady he occasionally threw in a neatly turned little bit of *vers de société*, which showed that had he chosen he might have rivalled the masters of the craft.'

*The Athenaeum* quotes 'one of Mr. Lowell's latest letters' in which he says, addressing Mr. R. A. Kinglake:—

I am highly honored in the dedication of your pamphlet, which I read with great interest. I think your plan of Local Valhallas to supplement that at Westminster an excellent one. While it admits men of National reputation, like Blake and Fielding, it admits also men of less renown, but deserving some lasting commemoration in a less degree. A collection of the Busts of Worthies (in old Fuller's sense) is both a recognition and a stimulus.

### TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

The forehead of Daniel Webster made Sidney Smith guess a fraud in nature, as no man could be as great as that looked. Thomas Carlyle, gazing at the same Jove-like brow, yet said he did not doubt Webster's father was greater than the son. Perhaps Lowell's father Charles was a greater man than James. To his mother also he owed part of his power. She was a woman of such force of character that her admiring physician had frequent opportunities to test her wit and will, and his own signal determination found such a foil as gave him occasion, with characteristic quaintness, to remark: 'Had it pleased the Lord to drop her spirit into the pantaloons, she would have been a great general.' From both parents came that manifold talent which, like a universal joint, adapted the son to so many diverse literary and political tasks, and prompted an activity of such ready, various and incomparable ease. He had no one mission for pen or hand, like Longfellow, Emerson, Whittier or Holmes, but could throw all his faculties into any ideal effort or practical call. With the eye of Argus he had, like Briareus, a hundred hands. He was our most accomplished scholar and civilian too. For this versatile force he was in debt to his home. We neglect parentage. Picking the flower we tread on the root. Emerson said, having the poet, we could let the doctor go. But without the stock we could gather neither blossom nor fruit. No one more than Lowell showed how true a figure is the genealogical tree.

C. A. BARTOL.

### LOWELL'S POSITION IN ENGLAND

[From a Letter of Mr. Smalley's, in the *Tribune*.]

PRESENTLY they found that this delightful American, whom they heartily recognized as an equal, regarded his own country as

something more than the equal of England. Their respect for it grew with this surprising discovery. The Americans, the Chinese Americans, who do not care for the respect of the Mother Country or of the civilized world outside their own, may think such a career and such a service of little account; but the gratitude of all sane and reasonable Americans is due to him who did this honor and service to his native land.

Is it a light thing that it should be said in England of an American that he knew English literature better than any Englishman? Are we really indifferent when we are told by the most authoritative voice in journalism that Mr. Lowell was anybody's peer in Europe? The greatest of European journals says:—'With him there passes away one of the very few Americans who were the equals of any son of the Old World—of any Frenchman or any Englishman—in that indefinable mixture of qualities which we sum up for want of a better word under the name of culture.'

His fine address on Democracy, at Birmingham in 1884, is often referred to as the true expression of the American idea; and so it is. It is the most complete and most carefully developed statement of that idea which Mr. Lowell ever made in England, and perhaps the most adequate presentation of it ever made to the English mind. But it was far from being the only discourse by Mr. Lowell on that subject in this country. He never spoke in public that he did not refer, if ever so lightly, to his country and her political faith. Nobody was ever long in his company in private without hearing of it. Mr. Lowell became identified with it. He was in this monarchical country an apostle of Republicanism. The glow of his genius illuminated it. The idea and the faith became to the Englishmen who listened to Mr. Lowell more visible and more attractive under his influence, and England drew nearer to America.

He became a power in English society, observes the same authentic witness. It used to be made a reproach to him, in some parts of America, that he was. Some of his adopted fellow-citizens reproached him. If he had swum with the stream in London, the reproach might have been just. He preferred swimming against it. He never conformed, never took his opinions at second-hand, never suppressed an American opinion because it was American and not English. 'Nobody,' remarks the English writer already quoted, 'must talk in his presence of Americanisms, or hint that the standard of language and literature observed in America showed any defection from the best standard of the race.' Nor did they, very often; nor ever the same person more than once. Nor did he or the rest of the company soon forget the punishment Mr. Lowell used to administer. He laid a silken lash across the offending back, but it stung.

'It is hard to account for this odd quality of his,' continues the puzzled Briton. It is just as hard as it is to account for an Englishman being English, or an American American, and no harder. So much admired and liked was he that liberties of speech were permitted to him which would not have been tolerated in others. Said one Englishman, who was often his host: 'I like Mr. Lowell. I like to have him here. I keep him as long as I can, and I am always in terror lest somebody should say something about America that would provoke an explosion.'

He has seen the inside of more country houses in England than any American who ever lived. He always came out alive and in grand order. There is not one in which he has not let fall some good American seed. He was, for every season of his Ministerial term, a sort of social lion. Familiarity did not dim the brilliancy of his presence. 'If I have Mr. Lowell,' said one of those London hostesses whose invitations are most coveted, 'I know my dinner will be a success.' The sparkle of his talk was perennial. His resources were endless. The delightfulness of his company was as great at the end as at the beginning of his London career. It survived his Ministry. He was not less welcome when he returned as a private individual than when he had the right to walk out to dinner next after a Duke or in the rear of an Argentine Plenipotentiary. Innumerable as were his social triumphs, they never turned his head.

He was not less popular with his comrades in literature, though he sometimes committed the fault of being more accurate than they. He was popular with the most various companies and audiences, with the magnates of the city at the Guildhall, where he sometimes dined, with the hard-headed metal-workers of Birmingham, and with the fishermen of Whitby, where he used often to spend some weeks of the autumn. His heart went out to these plain folk. His kindness to them, as to everybody whose life was humble, was continual. His range of personal friendships was as wide as humanity.

## THE TRIBUTE OF A POET AND CRITIC

[From an interview with Mr. Stedman, in the *Tribune*.]

I CAN TELL you the first time I was ever privileged to meet him. As I have said, he was perfectly unconventional in his likings for men, and would much sooner have been on good terms with an Adirondack guide than with a Philistine of established reputation. Years ago, when he was editing *The North American Review*, I put forth a little book of poems which attracted his attention, and received an appreciative and discriminating notice from his hands. Soon after he was visiting New York and looked me up of his own accord. I was living in modest lodgings, but he soon made himself and me perfectly at ease. I remember bringing out my decanter of wine, upon which he asked me if I had any wine of the country, and when I brought out some whiskey he said he preferred the American drink. I then offered him a cigar, and he said, 'Haven't you any pipes and tobacco?' I produced them and we were soon blowing clouds together.

'Now,' said he, 'if you ever own a pound of cigars, weigh them out against a pound of Virginia tobacco. I will engage that the latter is as much better an article as it is cheaper, weight for weight.'

In my book I had one or two elaborate pieces on classical themes, upon which I had expended a good deal of skill and upon which I set great store. He had heartily praised a few of my distinctively American lyrics, but said not a word about my ambitious 'new antiques.' I ventured to ask him what he thought of the latter. He said:—

'Oh, they are very well done, but do you think you can do these things any better than they have been done by Keats, Tennyson and Landor? When you write American ballads you are on your own ground, breathing your own air, and have a touch of your own.'

He said many other wise things which I have never forgotten, nor shall I ever forget the zest and hope which his voluntary visit left with me.

I want to say, if I have detected in myself since I have grown older what Burns would call a 'sneakin' kindness' for almost any literary youngster that seemed to have the root of the matter in him, it is largely because I felt bound to pay off in this way the debt which I owed to Mr. Lowell. However, I want to say that I have about paid the debt off, and shall not submit to be drawn upon on sight any longer.

I am the more touched by Mr. Lowell's death because I associated him with the generation of great ones to whom the gods had awarded the gift of years. Two years ago, when I last saw him, he had still the perpetual youthfulness, the old-time vivacity, the old-time charm. In fact, he was ten years younger than Mr. Whittier and Dr. Holmes. If I remember correctly, he was born in the same year—1819—with Charles A. Dana, Walt Whitman, Mrs. Howe, Dr. Holland—yes, and Queen Victoria—and the first words that come to my lips are, 'He should have died hereafter.'

It was to Mr. Lowell, in spite of the hard work of other advocates, that much of the success of the final copyright campaign was due. From the first Mr. Lowell advocated International Copyright purely as a matter of national honor and justice to foreign authors. My own feeling in the matter was largely a sense of the wrong done to American authors and American literature by a perpetual competition with stolen goods. But this wrong had ceased to be effective when piracy became unprofitable some years before our final victory. During the recent campaign, then, we had no valid argument in behalf of International Copyright except the moral one, and the law was finally passed upon ground held by Mr. Lowell.

Mr. Lowell was subjected to a good deal of criticism as a latter-day Mugwump in politics. My feeling as a Republican has never blunted me to the fact that Mr. Lowell was always a Mugwump. He was a typical New-England Protestant. The early 'Biglow Papers' were a protest against the Mexican War, and he was at that time, and in the later anti-slavery campaign, more bitterly criticised and more unpopular with the masses than at any later period of his life. He was by nature with the minority, and truth to say, the national opinion has changed more from time to time than Mr. Lowell. Possibly an aristocrat by birth and breeding, he was for the greater part of his life a radical by conviction, and at times was viewed with distrust by both classes. But his detection of a false note in professors of conservatism or revolt, either in literature or politics, was instinctive.

To conclude, Mr. Lowell must be measured and remembered by his highest gift: that of the poet. And if he had devoted himself more exclusively to poetry, to paraphrase his own words:—



The world had not lacked a poet  
Such as it had  
In the ages glad  
Long ago!

## OTHER PERSONAL TRIBUTES

[Mr. Curtis, in *Harper's Weekly*.]

MR. LOWELL'S interest in public affairs was that of a clear-sighted man who knew history and other nations, and had the strongest faith in a government based upon popular intelligence. The country never sent abroad in the person of its Minister a better American. Spain and England saw in him not only a man who by his literary genius had conferred honor upon his country, but who showed that the finest quality of manhood, a wholesome commonsense, thoroughly trained and amply equipped, was distinctively American. His patriotism was not the brag of conceit nor the blindness of ignorance, and the America of the hope and faith of its noblest children was never depicted with more searching insight than in his plea for democracy spoken at a mechanics' institute while he was Minister in England; nor were the manly independence and courtesy of the American character ever more finely illustrated than in his essay upon 'A Certain Condescension in Foreigners.' It was a patriotism which did not admit that arrogance and conceit and blatant self-assertion are peculiarly American, nor insist that everything American was, for that reason, better than everything which was not American. It was never unmindful that the root of our political system and of our national character was not aboriginally American, nor did it deny to the traditions of an older civilization and to the life of older nations a charm distinctively their own. Our literature has no work more essentially American than 'The Biglow Papers,' not only in the dialect form, but in its dramatic portraiture of the popular conscience of New England, of Lincoln's 'plain people' who have given the distinctive impulse to American civilization, and from whose virtues has largely sprung the American character.

It is worth while to lay stress upon this quality of Mr. Lowell, because it is the one to which much of his peculiar influence is due, yet which is often overlooked or denied. That influence sprang from the humanity of his genius, his generous sympathy with noble aspiration and endeavor, his political independence and his steadfast fidelity to the high ideals of his youth. Something of his personal fascination is felt both in his poetry and his prose, and he has so cheered and inspired much of the best American life of his time that his death will fall as a bereavement upon multitudes who never saw his face.

[Mr. Gosse, in *The St. James's Gazette*.]

His heart was not with our monarchical traditions; it was always sternly Republican. Lowell in England was always looking longingly backward to the vast wooden mansion under the terrace of Mount Auburn where he was born and bred, and where the great writers of the world laid their hands upon his youth and dedicated it. It is much to be desired that the American Government, or the State of Massachusetts, may find some way of preserving Elmwood as it stands, or as it stood when I saw it six years ago, as national property. More, perhaps, than any other single building in America, it is a relic of the literary life, a solid piece of the intellectual history of the country. Mr. Lowell, though ten years absent from Elmwood, was always thinking of it, and especially of the famous trees that deepen the seclusion of its lawns. I remember, when I first saw him, after a brief visit to America in 1885, he asked me immediately about the elms at Mount Auburn. 'Did they send me a message?' he asked. Long may their venerable shadow be thrown across his household gods!

[Dr. Hale, in the *Boston Commonwealth*.]

SINCE HIS RETURN to this country, Mr. Lowell has not been able to take a very active part either in literature or in public affairs. But whoever has met him has found the old cordiality and simplicity and the readiness to render service where service came within his power. From the inexhaustible stores of his reading he would always contribute to the necessities of any one who applied to him; and with the freshness of youth added to the experience of manhood, he kept his eyes open to whatever was interesting in the literature of our time or in the study of our language. He felt the personal losses which are the severest penalty of advancing life. The last time I met him, I congratulated him that he was at Elmwood, and he said, with his tender smile, 'Yes, it is good to be there, but the house is full of ghosts.' And so indeed it was. But he could not be morose; he would not oppress his friends with the story of any of his own regrets; and the last and earliest memories which we have of him are of his cordiality, affection and tender sympathy.

[Col. Higginson, in *Harper's Bazar*.]

The biographers of James Russell Lowell are already pointing out that the main direction of his life was determined by a woman. So many men of genius have been shipwrecked in marriage that it is good to dwell on the signal cases of the contrary result. When Lowell first formed his attachment to Maria White, he was unquestionably at the parting of the ways. He came from college popular and brilliant—indeed, perilously brilliant—with strong literary instincts, but morally immature. His suspension from college on the eve of graduation did not come, as is now charitably suggested, from irregularity in attendance on prayers, but from a more serious offence, indicating a more dangerous possibility. That he was saved from the reckless career of so many gifted men was partly due, of course, to his own better nature, but largely to that strongest influence which can be brought to bear on a young man of ardent impulses, a pure love towards a noble woman. \* \* \* During the very last winter of his life he responded promptly to invitations to join the 'Society of American Friends of Russian Freedom,' and also the 'Social Science Institute'—a society to bring about a free platform for the study of all sociological questions, without fear or favor. Both of these were enterprises from which a man of seventy-two, confined at home by invalidism, might reasonably enough have asked to be excused. That he, without urging or persuasion, gave his name to both, shows that the fire of his youth had not died out, and proves the permanence of the impulse first given by the love of a noble woman.

## International Copyright

"NO SMALL TRIUMPH"

PROF. JAMES BRYCE, M.P., writes thus in *The Speaker* :—

'This is no small triumph for a group of literary men to have achieved—men who had nothing in their favor but a good cause and their own earnestness. The power of opinion, an opinion formed entirely outside political circles, has seldom been more strikingly illustrated. Neither political party took the question up. The feeling of a few enlightened men went on spreading and strengthening till the whole nation was leavened; and the nation having convinced itself that its own honor was involved in recognizing the right of the foreigner no less than of the citizen to the profits of his intellectual exertion, forced its representatives, by a sort of silent pressure, to an act of justice which seemed opposed to its material interests, and which ten years before politicians had scarcely deigned to consider. A distinguished American writer, to whose energy the cause of International Copyright owes much, wrote to me, in describing the final struggle by which the bill was carried, "I have always said, Never despair of America." When her own citizens, no less than foreign critics, are disheartened by some of the sordid phenomena of her politics, it is well to remember how great is the power which the opinion of thoughtful and honorable men, acting outside party and invoking high principles, can exert.'

## Notes

A NEW volume of poems by the Rev. James B. Kenyon of Watertown, N. Y., author of 'Songs in All Seasons' and 'In Realms of Gold,' is passing through the press of Chas. W. Moulton of Buffalo. Its title is 'At the Gate of Dreams.'

—Mr. Kipling's 'Disturber of Traffic' appears in the September *Atlantic*.

—The Writers' Publishing Co. announces 'A Directory of Universities, Colleges, Academies and Leading Private Schools'—a carefully selected reference list of the larger Protestant educational institutions in the United States.

—Allyn & Bacon will publish, for high-school use, 'Select Essays of Macaulay' (Milton, Bunyan, Johnson, Goldsmith and Mme. D'Arblay), edited by Samuel Thurber.

—Longmans, Green & Co. have nearly ready 'A School Atlas of English History,' edited by Mr. S. R. Gardiner as a companion to his 'Student's History of England.' They announce also an English translation of the Memoirs of Baron de Marbot in two volumes, which will include the two already issued in French, together with a third not yet published.

—Mr. Gleeson White, the young English poet who has been assisting Mr. Marks in the editorship of *The Art Amateur*, has resigned his post and will return to London in September.

—It is announced that the Italian Government has prohibited the proposed sale of the Borghese collection of pictures and statuary for the benefit of the creditors of Prince Borghese, and has declared its intention to bring in a bill making 'all such sales' impossible in future. The Government is said to hold that 'the great private art collections of the country are part of the national glory'; that they 'grew up under the fostering aid of the Government,' and that they 'should not be scattered at the caprice of spendthrifts.'

—As Mr. Kipling has so often been described as a young man of aggressive manners, afflicted with what is expressively termed the 'big head,' it is pleasant to read in the *Transcript* a Boston woman's contradiction of the popular report. The lady writes:—

Mr. Kipling's manner in conversation reminds one strongly of his style in writing—there is a certain indescribable terseness and humor in all that he says. Best of all, however, is the entire freedom from conceit and egotism. It is of Rudyard Kipling the man, not of Rudyard Kipling the author, of whom you think as you talk with him. A new novel by Mr. Kipling, written in collaboration with a young American, now resident in London, is soon to be published as a serial in an American magazine.

—Two popular volumes of short stories—Mr. Janvier's 'Uncle of an Angel, and Other Stories,' and Mr. Hibbard's 'Iduna, and Other Stories'—have just been added to Harper's Franklin Square Library. Both were published in library editions some weeks ago.

—Mr. Fisher Unwin will bring out in London an edition of Mr. Hamlin Garland's 'Main-Travelled Roads.'

—The London *Daily News* says that half a million of volumes are, according to Mr. Madan, now on the shelves of the Bodleian Library at Oxford; or, if we reckon by title-pages, about a million and a quarter of distinct publications. And the Library is growing at the rate of 43,800 volumes per year. English publishers are bound to send to it a copy of every book they issue.

—In the new volume of Rubinstein's 'Reminiscences,' to be issued in October, it is expected that the author will deal in an unmerciful manner with the Liszt and Wagner parties.

—At Gurob, in the Fayoum, Mr. Flinders Petrie not long since discovered that certain mummy-cases were made of bits of papyrus pulled to pieces and then stuck securely together. These fragments have been separated and cleansed, and submitted to the critical inspection of Dr. Mahaffy, Dr. Sayce and others, the result being that they are found to contain the following literary treasures:—

Three pages of a play of Euripides, which, when once read, it was easy to identify with the lost 'Antiope,' which is quoted by Plato in the 'Gorgias,' by Longinus, and by many other ancient writers in sufficient detail to make the plot of the lost play fairly certain. . . . Portions of the 'Phædo' of Plato, very carefully and beautifully written, and covering four or five pages of an ordinary modern text. This is earlier than the Alexandrian recension on which all our modern texts are based. . . . Certain very scanty but most important fragments from poets and other writers, among which the most curious is a passage, consisting entirely of the beginnings and ends of hexameter lines, which have been conclusively identified by Mr. Bury of Dublin as a portion of the Eleventh Book of the *Iliad*. The importance of this passage lies in the fact that out of the thirty-five lines there are five that do not exist in our received text; that is to say, five that were rejected by Aristarchus and the other grammarians.

—Beginning with its September issue (Vol. XII., No. 1)—an educational number—*The Forum* is enlarged, both in the size of the page and in the number of pages; and is sewed with thread, and no longer stitched with wire.

—'Woman's intellect—keen, brilliant and fearless'—says Lady Wilde, 'is rapidly permeating all departments of literature, and making its influence felt upon the mind of the age—an influence which is now mainly exerted in overthrowing old prejudices and conventionalism, and those venerable social fictions which have long held woman in bondage.' According to *The Sunday Sun*, the new Irish weekly in London, 'Lady Wilde has now for many years exercised her keen, brilliant and fearless intellect and lively pen on men, women and books; and many of her friends and readers will be glad to have these essays of hers in book form. Messrs. Ward & Downey have just published a first series of selected essays, with the title "Notes on Men, Women and Books." The subjects chosen are varied and interesting, and the publishers have made a pretty book of them.'

—The London *Globe* prints this interesting bit of correspondence:—

The Isle of Wight (which owing to the late rains is a perfect Paradise of greenery) was on Thursday last the scene of two ceremonies of the most opposite character. At Freshwater, near to Lord Tennyson's beautiful house, Farringford, the Laureate's eighty-second birthday was celebrated. In the Assembly Rooms of the little town a concert was given and various settings of Tennyson's words to music composed by Lady Tennyson were comprised in the programme. At another part of the island Algernon Swinburne was burying his only brother, Mr. Edward Swinburne, in a spot more lovely even than Farringford. Long before the Laureate's name had shed its glory around the Isle of Wight, Mr. Swinburne and his relatives had been very specially associated with it. Indeed, the youth of the author of 'Atalanta' was spent partly at the Undercliff and partly in Northumberland. Very much of his mature poetry was written here, as Swinburnian students are well aware. Besides the

property owned by his own family, his aunt, Lady Mary Gordon, has the seat of Northcourt and a seaside retreat at Niton, which are among the most beautiful places in the British Islands. His father, Admiral Swinburne, was interred at Bonchurch, and in the same vault on Thursday was laid the poet's brother, in the presence of the poet himself, two of his sisters, Sir John Swinburne and Mr. Theodore Watts.

—In the Wallace Monument at Stirling a bust of Carlyle was unveiled last month by Prof. Masson. It is a bronze replica of one in the Corporation Galleries at Glasgow, and is said to bring out satisfactorily the rugged lineaments of the scholar's face. It is the work of Pittendrigh Macgillivray of Glasgow.

—Prof. Huxley thus describes that rare quality known as genius, which is so hopelessly hard to define:—

Genius to my mind means innate capacity of any kind above the average mental level. From a biological point of view I should say that a genius among men stands in the same position as a 'sport' among animals and plants, and is a product of that variability which is the postulate of selection, both natural and artificial. On the general ground that a strong, and therefore markedly abnormal, variety is *ipso facto* not likely to be so well in harmony with existing conditions as the normal standard (which has been brought to what it is largely by the operation of those conditions), I should say that a large proportion of 'genius-sports' are likely to come to grief physically and socially, and that the intensity of feeling which is one of the conditions of genius is especially liable to run into insanity.

—The Municipal Library at Hamburg has recently been enriched by the acquisition of Beethoven's will, which was left to it by Mme. Jenny Lind. The will is dated 1802; its details have been published.

—Since the acknowledgment of subscriptions or donations to the Archaeological Survey of Egypt, published in these columns on April 25, the following contributions have been received by the Rev. Dr. W. C. Winslow:—From a lady signing herself 'Bubastis,' \$250; the Hon. Martin Brimmer, \$50; the Hon. A. A. Low, \$25; \$10 each from Mrs. David P. Kimball and John Bentley; and \$5 each from Henry Chauncey, Lewis A. Scott, S. C. Lewis, Enoch Lewis, M. S. Eichelberger, Philip C. Treide, Armand de Potter, Edgar G. Miller, F. G. McKean, F. A. Hoffman, Rev. John Sellwood, Miss Rebecca S. Lowrey, Julius Sachs, Ph.D., Mrs. Sarah B. Cone, Miss Helen A. Brigham, Mrs. J. Dorman Steele, Mrs. J. H. Devereux, Mrs. A. L. Andrews, Rev. Edward Herbrucker, Joseph H. Center, J. W. Tiemann, Mrs. Henry Pickering, Rev. E. A. Renouf, Miss Alice C. Clement, Prof. Alfred Higbie, Elbert B. Monroe, Charles Buncher, Mrs. Odle Close, George M. Conarroe, C. M. Taintor and William J. Sawyer. Total amount, \$500. Each subscriber or donor of not less than \$5 receives the illustrated quarto volume of the season's survey and the Annual Report, with lists of donors, summary of explorations, etc. The volume for 1891 will illustrate the scenes and texts of the celebrated tombs at Beni Hasan, and the results are epitomized in *Biblia* for August. Dr. Winslow's address is 525 Beacon Street, Boston.

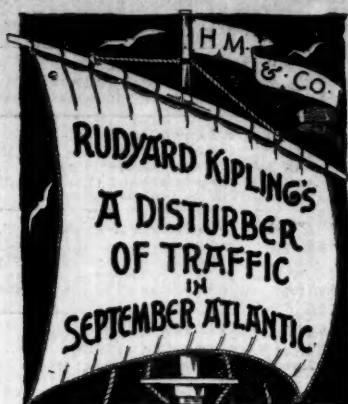
## Publications Received

RECEIPT of new publications is acknowledged in this column. Further notice of any work will depend upon its interest and importance. When no address is given the publication is issued in New York.

American Industries, Recent Development of.	50c.	Phila.: University of Penna.
Black, W. Donald Ross of Heimra.	\$1.25	Harper & Bros.
Chamberlain, M. Memorial of Capt. Chas. Cochrane.		Privately published.
Cheyne, T. K. Bampton Lectures. 1889.	\$4.	Thos. Whittaker.
Cotes, V. C. Two Girls on a Barge.		D. Appleton & Co.
Croker, B. M. Interference.	50c.	Phila.: J. B. Lippincott Co.
Crommelin, M. The Freaks of Lady Fortune.	50c.	John W. Lovell Co.
Cyr, E. M. The Children's Primer.	50c.	Ginn & Co.
Dictionary of Political Economy. Part I. Ed. by R. H. Inglis Palgrave.	\$1.	Macmillan & Co.
Doane, W. C. Addresses at St. Agnes School.	\$1.25	Thos. Whittaker.
Donnelly, I. Dr. Huguet.	\$1.25	Chicago: F. J. Schulte & Co.
English Prose Fiction. Catalogue No. 6.		San Francisco Free Library.
Hallwell-Phillips's Shakespearean Rarities. Ed. by E. E. Baker.	\$3.50	Longmans, Green & Co.
Hatch, E. Overcoming the World, etc.	\$1.50	Thos. Whittaker.
Heine, H. Florentine Nights, etc. Tr. by C. G. Leland.		John W. Lovell Co.
Hibbard, G. A. Iduna, etc.	50c.	Harper & Bros.
Jackson, S. M. Bibliography of Foreign Missions.		Funk & Wagnalls.
Javvier, T. A. The Uncle of an Angel, etc.	50c.	Harper & Bros.
Kramer, J. W. The Right Road.	\$1.25	Thos. Whittaker.
Ludlow, J. M. A King of Tyre.		Harper & Bros.
Maurice, R. S. Albany Stark's Revenge.		St. Paul, Minn.: Price-McGill Co.
Merrill's Word and Sentence Book.	24c.	Chas. E. Merrill & Co.
Moffatt's English Grammar.	2s. 6d.	London: Moffatt & Paige.
Powell, E. P. Liberty and Life.	50c.	Chicago: C. H. Kerr & Co.
Rickoff, A. J. First Lessons in Arithmetic.	36c.	Boston: D. Lothrop Co.
Warner, C. D. As We Were Saying.		Harper & Bros.
Whitby, B. On the Lake of Lucerne, etc.		D. Appleton & Co.

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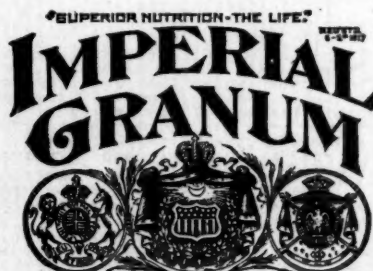


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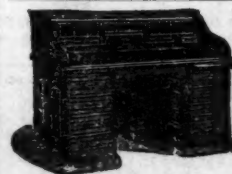
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